

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce-Quasi-Semper-Victurus--Vive-Quasi-Cras-Moriturus

*A Literary—News Weekly*

VOL. LIV.

FEBRUARY 4, 1927.

No. 16.

**1872--1927**

**"A Kingdom By The Sea"**

*David S. Lehman*

**Old Age**

*Robert Capesius*

**Shanties in the Back Yard**

*George Leppig*

**The Fad of Antique Hunting**

*Harold S. Hutchison*

**Pippa's Song at Morning**

*Christopher O'Toole*

**Girls**

*Dan McCain*

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**The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men**



## THE WEEK

About this time of the year the seniors become cognizant of the fact that it won't be long now. The measurements for the caps and gowns to be worn for the first time on Washington's birthday and the first copies of the thesis are things that serve to tell that only four months remain to bridge the time between the senior student and the alumnus. We do not know what the fourth year men will think we are attempting to be, either optimistic or pessimistic, perhaps only unnecessarily informative.

The Indiana Number of the *Juggler* took as many liberties with the state as the weather man usually does. We listened on the street cars in the class rooms and in the halls for some key to the appreciation of the Funny Fellow's visit this time and we are confident that even the men who call this their home state found a great amount of enjoyment in its pages. Cullin's cover was one of the very best we recall in the dramatic career of the *Juggler* and the contents inside were a fulfillment of the promise the cover made. Of course there will be those who doubtless will say that too many liberties were taken with the state in which we have chosen to spend four years, but that appears to be about the only way to obtain that rare luxury today.

The Junior Prom furnishes enough charm for those men who are now on their third heat and it promises to be anything but dead. The reports of action so numerous that it is no gamble to say that when the eleventh rolls around it will be a lucky day. The chairmen of the committees are putting in more time in an effort to make it the best Prom ever and every afternoon the committeemen may be seen hard at work in the engineering building turning out the decorations to be used at the Palais.

The debaters have been spending restless nights and speechful days while the varsity was being chosen. The results were not

known at this writing but from appearances the Wranglers club will walk away with the greater portion of the places on the team. If the team could only book some opposition of the Australian caliber again we could be assured of a truly entertaining evening again but as long as the participants take things seriously an audience will be almost an impossibility. We have been aware of the above mentioned fact for a long time and we wonder just why such a condition should exist in an institution of higher learning.

Father O'Hara announces that his religious survey will appear on the campus about the fifteenth of this month. This outgrowth of Notre Dame religious spirit has attracted nation-wide attention among those interested in religious questions and has met with the unusual success of already being imitated. William Lyons Phelps, professor of English at Yale has four questions answered in this survey.

A definite decision has been reached by the Scribblers Club to publish a Notre Dame Anthology this spring. According to present plans four different forms of literature will be presented in the book including short stories, essays, plays, and poems. The contents of the anthology are to be the productions of Notre Dame undergraduates. The object of the book will be in part to show the world that our men are capable of creating as fine things in literature as they do on the fields of athletic endeavor. It is strictly understood that this book is not a monopoly medium through which Scribbler men will publish their own personal creations but a book representing the finest writings of all Notre Dame men. The winners of the Scribbler poetry contest were announced last meeting. Richard Elpers of Morrissey Hall was awarded first place and Jack Mullin, literary editor of the SCHOLASTIC, was second choice. The contest was the most successful ever held by the Scribbler Club.

—W.H.L.

## SCRIBBLERS ANNOUNCE NEW BOOK

Something new in the way of publications at Notre Dame will be produced this spring when the Scribblers' "Notre Dame Copy Book" is printed. The volume will consist of four sections, one each of which will be devoted to the short story, the essay, the one-act play, and poetry. Five stories, three essays, three plays, and ten poems will fill the pages. Four judges, each one noted for the type of work which he will be asked to inspect, will decide which of the manuscripts submitted for publication will be chosen.

Publication will not be confined to the Scribblers Club. The latter hope to make the book a really representative product of the University, and invite all of the undergraduates to submit such of their work as has not been printed except in Notre Dame publications. The only requirement is that each manuscript be given in by an undergraduate student of the University.

All papers must be in March first, and the book should be printed and ready for sale before Easter vacation.

Only once before has anything similar to the Scribblers' new project been accomplished at Notre Dame. In the spring of 1924, an anthology of Notre Dame verse was published by the Scribblers. It differed radically from the "Copy Book" in several respects, however, and was a much smaller enterprise. The anthology consisted entirely of poetry, whereas the "Copy Book" will embrace the four leading fields of creative writing. In addition, the verse contained in the anthology was entirely the work of the members of the Scribblers club. The "Copy Book," on the contrary, will contain the best works of all undergraduates whether or not they are Scribblers. It is notable that the anthology, hardly a representative product of Notre Dame, sold its entire edition on the first night that it was off the press.

Because the scope of the "Copy Book" is so much broader than was that of the anthology, the present Scribblers, under the leadership of President Lester Grady and Walter Layne, head of the book committee, hope to make it an even greater success. It offers an excellent opportunity for showing

this unbelieving world that Notre Dame can accomplish things worth while in the intellectual as well as in the athletic line. The athletes have done a great deal to make the name of the University known throughout the country, but they can bring it fame in only one field, a field which is certainly not of primary importance in University life.

Whatever critics and scoffers may say to the contrary, the principal reason for attendance at universities is the obtaining of an education. The Scribblers wish to prove to the satisfaction of everyone that minds as well as bodies are being developed at Notre Dame; that there is some thinking, and that some creative writing is being accomplished. They cannot possibly produce the volume without assistance, however, and they are asking the co-operation of all Notre Dame men in making the publication of the "Copy Book" a memorable event in the University's history.

Two factors will make or break the "Copy Book": the contents and the sale. It is still early for a sales campaign, but work on the contents can begin immediately. Typewritten manuscripts should be sent or given to Walter Layne in Morrissey Hall before March first.

—J.A.M.

## STUDENTS DONATE \$1000

Eight days after Father Finner, C. S. C., a missionary in Bengal and formerly a parish priest in South Bend, wrote to Rev. John O'Hara, C. S. C., prefect of religion here, requesting aid in securing \$600 for the building of a chapel and school in the city where he was stationed, Father O'Hara mailed him a check for \$1000, the gift of the students of Notre Dame.

Father Finner was sent by his Bishop to a city of 50,000 inhabitants where there was not so much as a crucifix, with his blessing, instructions to build a church and school, and no money. Father Finner thought of Notre Dame and wrote to Father O'Hara. The response of the students to a request on the *Bulletin* was immediate, and the fund was over-subscribed by \$400.

## PROM PLANS COMPLETE

By the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC the Junior Prom of 1928 will be a memory—a scintillating memory of rhythmic motion and shaded lights, a memory made possible by the untiring efforts of Joe Doran and his staff of energetic and enthusiastic assistants, a memory of a perfect evening with Rudolph's Rainbo Garden Orchestra and her. Just a memory, but one that will always be classed among the more pleasant reminiscences of our college days; epochal because it is the social function of the year as far as Juniors are concerned, and promising because the class of '28 has shown conclusively at the Cotillion of last year that they are able to throw a real formal.

The Prom plans are complete. Not a detail has been overlooked to insure the entertainment of the Juniors and their guests. Turk Meinert has shown remarkable tact in selection of syncopaters as famous as the Rainbo Garden Orchestra. The favors are ably taken care of, the patrons and patronesses secured and plans laid for the transformation of the Palais Royale into a fitting background for classic terpsichore.

## POETRY PRIZES ANNOUNCED

Announcement of the winners of the Scribblers' Poetry Contest was officially made at the meeting of the club held in the Library Tuesday evening.

"Tragedy in Tercets," by Richard Elpers, Morrissey Hall, was awarded first prize of \$15. "Farewell," by Jack Mullen, Morrissey Hall, who is literary editor of the SCHOLASTIC, took second place, and a prize of \$10, and "The Pale Dancer," by John DeRoulet, Morrissey Hall, was adjudged third, and received the third prize of \$5.00.

The judges who passed upon the merits of the poems submitted were Benjamin Musser, well-known modern poet, Charles Phillips and Rev. Charles O'Donnell, C.S.C. The contest was extremely close.

Prizes were awarded through the generosity of the *Dome*, the *Juggler* and the SCHOLASTIC, campus publications which donated \$10 each toward the contest.

## HARP ENSEMBLE HERE THURSDAY

The Salszedo Harp Ensemble will appear here in concert next Thursday night, Feb. 10. This concert will be the third of the concert series now being presented at the University. The Salszedo Harp Ensemble, consisting of seven harps, has won nation-wide fame by appearing in all the principal cities of the country, playing to large audiences at every concert.

It must be conceded that the harp is a very difficult instrument to master, but when seven harps grouped together play as one, there is cause for wonderment and awe. That in itself is as difficult as the actual mastering of the instrument. The Salszedo Harp Ensemble has truly mastered the art of ensemble playing.

## LAY TRUSTEE DIES

Mr. A. J. Johnson, a member of the Board of Lay Trustees of the University, died Sunday at his home on N. Washington St., Kokomo, Indiana. The burial took place on Tuesday, Rev. Frank Maher, C.S.C., formerly of Kokomo, representing the University at the funeral. Mr. Johnson was a very devout Catholic and was present every summer at Notre Dame for the Laymen's Retreat. He was one of Indiana's leading citizens and has contributed more, directly and indirectly, to the growth of any single city of importance in Indiana than almost any other citizen. His education, all of a practical nature; a builder of his career unaided save for those qualities that mark a true self-made man, he has acquired interest to the point where he was at the time of his death, actively identified and financially interested in over twenty-five industries in Kokomo. He has been instrumental in making Kokomo one of the leading industrial centers of Indiana. His interest in education, Catholic education, was intense and the reflection of his ability is evidenced by the activities of the Board. Mr. Johnson's son, Paul, graduated from the Notre Dame College of Commerce in 1926, while his younger son, Carl, is a sophomore in the same college and a resident of Corby Hall.—R. I. P.



## FATHER WENNINGER LECTURES

The public meeting of the Notre Dame Academy of Science held last Monday evening in the Law Building was well attended, and the audience found in Rev. F. J. Wenninger's lecture a goodly amount of food for thought.

The title of Father Wenninger's talk was *Tendencies in Modern Biology*. Men often view science, he said, in one of two extreme attitudes: derision or adoration. As to the first, he readily showed that all of the sciences have proven their worth. For example, the silkworm industry of France was saved by natural science; the Panama Canal was made possible by developments in bacteriology. It is the other attitude—that of adoration for science—that is most alarming today. Too often God is pushed aside by men of science. Fr. Wenninger gave examples from embryology and bacteriology; he quoted from science texts that belittle religion; he quoted from lectures by professors at prominent universities who make science their god.

The notion of a conflict between Church and science is at once foolish and impossible when we realize that all truth comes from one source. Fr. Wenninger urged students in Catholic schools to read widely and so obtain a correct background. The Catholic heritage in science is so vast that no amount of propaganda can hide it.

## THE RELIGIOUS SURVEY

Father O'Hara has said that the *Religious Survey* will be out some time between the tenth and twentieth of February. The *Survey* this year is representative of all the classes and colleges with the exception of the lawyers who turned in but twenty questionnaires.

The majority of the questions used are from the suggestions and requests of the students. A few questions were taken from the surveys of "Villa Nova College," a few from Fr. Sheely's survey at Catholic U., and some surveys of three smaller colleges. Four questions were suggested by William Lyon Phelps of the Yale Faculty. The majority of the questions are new ones, being

suggested in the last questionnaire and through personal letters and contact.

The survey this year shapes itself into a treatise on Character Training. The questions asked come under seven major heads which are: 1.—Frequent Communion; 2.—Infrequent Communion; 3.—Spiritual Background; 4.—Spiritual Aids to Character; 5.—Intellectual Aids to Character; 6.—The Girl Question; 7.—Character Development; Present Status. The interesting points of the *Survey* are: Religious life in High School and obstacles to Spiritual Progress; Faults acquired or corrected at Notre Dame; Means found useful in overcoming temptations; Factors in character development; and Free Criticism on the Girl Question. The latter is viewed from the attitude taken by the students and promises to furnish material for arguments, both here and at home during the summer months.

This is the sixth *Survey* to be printed by the University under the tutelage of Father O'Hara. It is the largest one, being 160 pages, a matter of fifteen pages more than the one issued last year. 12,000 copies will be printed and distributed to members of the Hierarchy and Clergy, the Students, the Alumni, Catholic High Schools, and Catholic and Secular Colleges and Universities, both in the United States and abroad.—J.L.B.

## PROM GUESTS TO SEE

## THREE SQUADS IN ACTION

One of the most pretentious athletic feasts of the year will be served up in one day, February 12, when three Irish athletic squads defend their home haunts against invading forces.

Early in the afternoon, the hockey team will meet Marquette puck-chasers on Badin Rink. Illinois, bitter rivals of Notre Dame track squads, will run against the Irish a few minutes after the hockey game is over and in the evening Franklin, spoiler of Irish basketball records and hopes, will meet Keogan's quintet.

Since the Junior Prom is to be held the night before, special accommodations will be made at all athletic contests for Juniors and their guests.

### "NEW" HISTORIANS ATTACKED

A striking article, which has already attracted attention in the press, appears in the February issue of the *Catholic World Magazine* of New York. It is a strong attack on the so-called "new" historians, Hughes and Woodward, whose biographies of George Washington have recently been published. The article, titled "The Naked Washington," is from the pen of Prof. Charles Phillips of Notre Dame, and it scores in vigorous terms the method used by Washington's latest biographers in compiling a record of his life. According to Prof. Phillips, both Hughes and Woodward have deliberately "dug for muck" in order to produce sensational books which will sell, regardless of historical accuracy or truth.

### THE VILLAGERS DANCE

Last Friday the Villagers held their annual recuperation dance at the Palais Royale. The dance was a success both from a social and pecuniary standpoint. The Music was furnished by Claire Wilson and his Nighthawks.

The dance began at nine o'clock and was one of the finest conducted affairs that Goddess Terpsichore has enjoyed in South Bend. There was not the hustle and bustle of a usual crowded dance night, there were no eagle eyed monsters standing back to back to collect the tickets from the students and the dances were long. One was able to reach the floor and dance a while before the music stopped. And there were no men who walked out the middle of the floor with arms outstretched and with long ropes dangling behind them, herding the dancers like sheep until they were crowded into one corner. It was a great dance—one could dance when they wanted to and go where they pleased when the music was over.

The Villagers are to be congratulated in that they secured the Palais Royale as it is a large and spacious ball room and afforded the dancers the necessary liberties without which they could not have enjoyed themselves—it was not crowded. And though most of the boys had dates, there were many many stags. But it was a poor night for stags—they were about as popular as a dry

agent in Cicero, for the reason that the boys who had dates were not exactly lenient in giving away dances.

### THOSE QUEER EXAMS!

The exams are over! The marks are out!

The spidery exams have just released the "boys,"—the chasers of culture at the University,—very much bruised and very much worn, from their toils temporarily at least:

"Hello, Jim!"

"H'lo." It is almost inaudible.

"Whaddye say?"

"Not so much." It is very weak.

"What's wrong, Jim? Aren't you right?"

"Aw, the prof didn't give me an even break."

"How come?"

"He didn't give me an even break, that's all."

"Whaddye mean, Jim?"

"He didn't like me, I guess. He passed a lot of other guys just as foggy as I was. Didn't give me an even break, I tell you."

"What did he give you on the exam?"

"Thirty."

"Thirty?"

"Yeah, thirty-three was possible."

"Gee, that wasn't bad at all!"

"Yeah, but I needed fifty to pass. Fell down last quarter—didn't do the duties."

"Whaddye tell him?"

"I said, 'Prof, you see it's like this: I'd a done those duties right off, but I forgot about them.'"

"And whaddye think he said? No sense of humor at all; he said: 'Please don't forget about them next year.'"

"Yeah, and I told him I was very good in Spanish."

"What was the course you slipped up in, Jim?"

"Cosmology."

"Sure is tough."

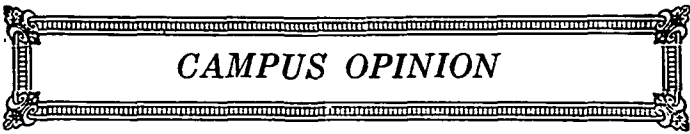
"Yeah. The prof didn't give me an even break. Didn't like me, I guess. He passed a lot of other guys—"

"Sure is tough, Jim. So long. Come up, sometime."

"Yeah, I will, come over."

This will go on for another week at least.

—L.R.M.



## CAMPUS OPINION

January 31, 1927.

### EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC:

It appears that the School of Journalism is on the pan, at least if the article in last week's SCHOLASTIC by "A Staff Member" is representative of campus opinion. He modestly admits that he is not a writer, and in that we heartily agree with him.

Mr. "Staff Member's" assertion that there is only one man on the entire SCHOLASTIC staff who is majoring in Journalism is absolutely untrue—he should remember that Rule No. 1 in writing is accuracy. Joseph Breig, the Editor-in chief of the SCHOLASTIC, while under the guise of a special student has himself taken all the courses offered in the School of Journalism; and there are at least four other members on the staff who are majoring in Journalism.

Three of the highest paid money-making positions on the three major campus publications are held by men in the Journalism School, which would tend to disprove the statement that Journalism men are in danger of "starving to death." Mr. "Staff Member" likewise seems to be unaware that there are five students in the Journalism School who are working full time on South Bend newspapers, while practically fifty percent of the remainder of the students have had some experience in this line.

He also states that the SCHOLASTIC was founded for the benefit of the Journalism students. This showed quite a bit of foresight on the part of the faculty for the coming Journalists of the University, as the SCHOLASTIC was founded in 1872 while the School of Journalism was not founded until 1912; Max Pam, the founder of the School, was a mere infant when the SCHOLASTIC first began life as a howling baby.

Practically every man in the School of Journalism has at some time during his stay at Notre Dame worked on one or more campus publications; and they all realize the difficulties under which such publications are gotten out; what criticizing they do is intended to help and not to hurt. Mr. "Staff

Member" failed to appreciate that criticism should be welcomed when it is needed. The SCHOLASTIC is a very good publication in its class, but it is not a very suitable medium for practical experience for one who expects to work on a daily newspaper. There has been some talk among Journalists about trying to revive a daily and he must have misunderstood this as an attack upon the SCHOLASTIC.

His article sounds as though the author were giving vent to a personal grudge against the Journalists rather than to the expression of sane opinion. This is evidenced by his inaccurate statements and supposedly sarcastic remarks, always the earmarks of hot-headedness rather than the products of cool thinking and deliberation. He probably had a bad case of indigestion when he wrote the article, and wishing to work out the discomfort on someone, could think of none better than the Journalist.

FRANCIS T. AHERN,

RUPERT T. WENTWORTH.

### NEXT SUNDAY'S BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

- 10:00 A. M.—Corby vs. Lyons.
- 11:00 A. M.—Day Dogs vs. Howard.
- 1:30 P. M.—Walsh vs. Carroll.
- 2:30 P. M.—Sorin vs. Sophomore.
- 3:30 P. M.—Morrissey vs. Lyons.
- 4:30 P. M.—Badin vs. Corby.

### FIFTH DEBATE ON MEXICO

The fifth of his series of Chicago Open Forum Debates on the Mexican question is to be given by Prof. Charles Phillips on Saturday, Feb. 5, at the Union League Club, Chicago. Prof. Phillips' opponent this week will be Rev. Dr. Paul Hutchison, Editor of the leading Protestant paper of the country, *The Christian Century*. These debates which Prof. Phillips has already held in such various places as the Erlanger Theatre, the Jewish Temple, the First Methodist Church, and the Auditorium have attracted wide attention in Chicago and have done much to present the Catholic side of the Mexican problem to the public, not to speak of the valuable advertising they have given Notre Dame University.

## John J. Becker

J. A. BREIG

Up to one side of grave old Washington Hall, where the music of immortal masters is studied by earnest young musicians of



PROFESSOR JOHN J. BECKER

Notre Dame University, where echoes from the football field penetrate but faintly, where the staccato rah-rah of gridiron followers is mastered by the measures of Wagner and Liszt, is a small office that is the sanctum of Dr. John J. Becker, Head of the Department of Music at the University of Notre Dame.

Who is John J. Becker? Unless you are intensely interested in music, you may not know him at the present time. He is a composer—of the ultra-modern school, if you must place him with others—an individualist if you would classify him correctly. He is the man of whom Middleschulte, perhaps the greatest living organist, said, "The work of Becker will live long after Becker is gone." He is the man of whom Carl Busch, recognized as one of America's foremost composers, said, "Becker is not only expressing his time, but is often in advance of it." He is the man to whom

Charles Wakefield Cadman, in acknowledging Becker's dedication of a chorus to him, wrote, "Your work is beautiful and deserving only of success." He is the American who wrote the "*Fantasia Tragica*" which Wilhelm Middelschulte plays during his tours of the European continent. That he hates publicity is alone sufficient to class him as an individualist and an unusual artist.

His home and family are his refuge and his inspiration. There, in a most artistic environment, he perfects his compositions in solitude. His office is his observation ground, where, by opening his windows, he can listen to the chatter of college men passing by, can watch football teams in scrimmage, can hear the university band practicing victory songs, can watch the glow of life as it is lived in its most modern aspect, securing impressions and reflecting upon them as material for musical composition.

Becker is in many ways an artistic Bolshevik. He delights to study the traditionalists, to discover what they say he must not do, and then to do it so logically and with such beautiful effect that the traditionalists are at a loss to criticize. Becker dislikes theorists; he regards them as a drawback to the progress of music. His motto is: "Study the theorists; know them thoroughly, and then joyously violate all their laws so long as you do it logically and for a worthwhile purpose." And he does just that.

Becker is not an artist in the movie sense. He hates long hair and cigarette holders and affectation of any sort. A Windsor tie would be anathema to him. But in the true application of the term he is deeply artistic. He is interested in composing, not in posing. He has studied music from its first beginnings down to the rhythms of today; he knows jazz as well as the most involved classical works, understands both thoroughly, and sees both in the ultra-modernism of today, in many respects his own idiom. Becker is broad; he loves the old masterpieces and sees at the same time a future in

today's popular music. And while loving one and understanding the other, he is stepping ahead into the future and creating music that is a combining of the two with his own art—music that is intended for the future as well as for the present.

It would be difficult to describe Dr. Becker. Were he an artist of the movie type the task would be easy. But since he is a true artist he is much like the rest of us. The thing about Becker that strikes one is not his appearance, but his personality. He is the incarnation of enthusiasm; there is something explosive about him that is most apparent because it is always restrained. It is when he plays that one sees something of this quality; he strikes the keys on fortissimo passages with a power that is remarkable, and when the music softens he seems to be withholding himself by sheer force of will. It seems as though he wants to act and dance and strike the keys unrestrainedly so that he can project into his audience some of the deep feeling which melody inspires in him. One suspects that if Becker were a jazz king his music would be dangerous, for he would inject into it a quality that would make dancers dislocate their spines.

The works of Becker vary as much as do his explosively restrained moods. Sometimes his pieces are wild and affect one as does Wagner's "Bachanale," from "Tannhauser." Again they are tragically sweet, carrying with them the despair of a damned soul's wail. Again they are haunting like the perfume of lilacs in a damp spring night. Again they are wierd and oriental, chanting of swaying dancers and eerie mystery in a strange land. All of these things his works are; one thing they never become—they are never stilted, never insipid, never trite. As Max Rabinoff, the great impressario, once said, "No man can ever accuse Becker of stealing."

His aim Becker has expressed in these words: "It is my desire to discover new material for the future, to improve upon the material of today, and to use the material of the past to suit my own purpose." And he has done that in his compositions.

The first of Becker's works to be given

to the public in printed form appeared early this year, when Schirmer published two "Chinese Miniatures," modernistic oriental works containing a power that can be expressed only by coining the word "Beckeresque." They are well worth anyone's close study, for they strike a new note in music with the oriental color.

Perhaps the most unusual of Becker's compositions to date are his "Architectural Impressions." They are works of peculiar power and beauty, abounding in unusual polyphonic treatment, interesting chord formations, and original conflicting rhythms. "Favor of the Moon," a strikingly beautiful song, is Becker in one of his most sorrowful moods. "Naomi" is an expression of utter despair written in the most modernistic idiom around words conceived by Grace Baer, a resident of South Bend and a poetess of fine attainments. A piano-violin sonata is Becker with an impish gleam in his eyes: it is extremely difficult for the interpreting artists, but the result justifies the means. Two of the movements are based upon American ragtime, showing Becker again in his role as a composer both of today and tomorrow. A sonata in one movement for piano contains a bit of Becker's every mood. It is tremendous in conception and masterful in workmanship. An eminent critic, speaking of this sonata, said that the man who could create such a theme as the opening one in the work has within him the elements of genius. Two "Mockeries," one of which is a sardonic "take" on jazz, called "A Little Jazz" and the other on Becker's own style, called "A Little Ultra," are extremely interesting. Those are a few of his finer works.

Becker builds not alone on paper, but also in the minds of others. Recently an opera written by two of his students, Jack Graham and Norbert Engels, was presented with signal success at Notre Dame. Another pupil, Estelle Cover, wrote a violin-piano sonata under Becker's direction which won a scholarship for her at the Busch Conservatory of Music, Chicago. Other students are proving equally the value of Dr. Becker's teachings.

No story of the work of Becker would be complete without mention of his male choruses. He has written many, of which "Rouge Bouquet" is an outstanding example. This sterling work was rendered recently by a male chorus of Cincinnati and was acclaimed as unusually striking. "Rouge Bouquet" has been attended by sterling success wherever sung.

Two other remarkable male choruses are "Jesu Dulcis," an offertory written in the old polyphonic method, and "Martin of Tours," the words of which were written by Rev. Charles O'Donnell, C.S.C., Assistant Superior General of the Order and one of America's best-known poets. "Martin of Tours" is written for piano and pipe or reed organ or two pianos, tenor or high baritone solo and male chorus. This is the work dedicated to Charles Wakefield Cadman, of which he wrote to Becker.

Two more critics must be quoted in describing Becker's work. Charles Mann, formerly conductor of the Wagner Symphony Society of Berlin, who has just returned from three months of choral conducting in Havana, said, in speaking of Becker's American sonata for violin and piano, "The Becker American Sonata is to America what the Beethoven violin-piano sonatas are to Germany. Everyone who claims to be a musician should have this work on his desk."

Jessie Peters, America's great pianist, returning recently from a tour of England and hearing of the work of Becker, stopped at South Bend to meet him, and after hearing his "Chinese Miniatures," made arrangements to play them in all her concerts and to record them on the Ampico.

It is a fairly safe bet to say that America is going to know Becker intimately before long. He is now engaged in finishing his first opera, an oriental work, which looks to capture popular and artistic taste from the beginning. How soon it will be ready for production is impossible to say, for Becker, if he thinks it necessary, will spend years in bringing the work to perfection. Nothing short of perfection ever satisfies him.

#### WRANGLERS HEAR DR. COLE

The principal speaker at the regular weekly meeting of the Wranglers held at the Morningside Apartments was Dr. Cole, pastor of the First Christian Church of South Bend. Dr. Cole, who is a well versed and able orator, delivered a speech in favor of the present system of national prohibition. He took a very tolerant and just stand, but he was firm in his conviction that prohibition was a good thing and that it was working out its own salvation in its own manner.

Dr. Cole spoke with an earnestness that begot conviction. He showed the evils of drink as he had witnessed them when the oldtime saloon was allowed, and then demonstrated the slow growth and final culmination of the prohibition movement in an amendment to the national constitution. After the speech a general discussion of the problem was held in which all the members of the Wranglers participated. Asked whether he thought national prohibition was working effectively and decreasing drinking, Dr. Cole said that as far as he was concerned there was much less drinking going on now than at the time when the States had local option on the control of the liquor problem. He stated that the youth of to-day are much more sober than those of ten years ago, and that there is not one-half the number of speak-easies and blind tigers in operation to-day as there were saloons in the wet era. Dr. Cole admitted that enforcement was far from being perfect, but held out the hope of constantly increasing efficiency on the part of the dry agents.

Dr. Cole's speech was a very interesting one from the point of view of the Wranglers. The club is debating the question from the other side of the fence, and the members were anxious to hear what the proponents of prohibition had to say in its favor.

The Wranglers plan to get inter-hall debating under way in the near future. A handsome silver loving cup, the gift of Victor Lemmer, '26, is the prize to be given to the winner of the league debates. The question for discussion will be the government ownership and operation of coal mines.

## THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:-

By John T. Cullinan

We learn from the Tower of Catholic University that the word "campus" dates back to the Roman days. It was then applied to a vacant space in or about the city, and used for shows, public combats, and athletic meets. In the year 60 B. C. it was limited to the section between the Tiber and the Via Latia, and later it became a public patrician ground with beautiful paths and gardens, and later with many edifices and public buildings. After the reign of Adrian it received the connotation which it retains today.

In a certain prison there was a kindly old warden who tried to please the inmates by giving them during their sentence the same jobs they had outside the prison. "What was your occupation?" The first man answered: "Cobbler." "Then go to the cobbler shop." "And what was yours?" he asked the second prisoner. "A barber." "Then you go to the barber shop." And finally coming to a young college man. "What was yours, young man?" With a very serious face the college man answered, "A traveling salesman."

A Sophomore student at Saint John's College, near Annapolis, Maryland, the seat of the United States Naval Academy ended two dateless years in school by advertising in a Baltimore newspaper. He is thought to have engaged the girl who answered his advertisement for every dance at Saint John's this year. The naval academy with its attractive uniforms is too much competition for any other college.

A radio correspondence course on "The Study of the Novel," is being planned by the extension department of the University of Nebraska. The many requests which have come from both outsiders and from students for such a course is responsible for the project. More than fifteen lectures will be broadcast through Station KFAB. In order to obtain credit, the members of the class

must answer questions sent out from the department, and also prepare a written summary of each lecture.

Stanley Kalsh, sports editor of the Daily Cardinal includes in his column a quotation by Will Rogers, famous humorist. The clipping: "Last week, Will Rogers, the fellow who made being a mayor respectable, dropped off in Indiana to pay Indiana University his compliments. Among them was this, 'Nobody can ever accuse Indiana of professionalism in football.' And this touching bit of advice to athletes, 'Don't turn professional until you have made all you can as an amateur.' Will further remarked that 'what college boys need is narrower pants and broader minds.'"

A cross-channel swim, conducted in a swimming pool, is the latest effort of Coach Abercrombie of the University of Oregon to develop varsity material. The contestants enter the pool each day and swim for twenty minutes until a distance of twenty-one miles, the approximate width of the English Channel is covered. The contestant who swims the greatest number of laps in ten days is declared the winner.

Equal rights for men and women is a beautiful theory—but it won't work in practice, according to the co-eds at Redlands University, Los Angeles, Cal. The uproar was aroused by the proposal that all expenses for dates be on a fifty-fifty basis. The result was that several co-eds not only at Redlands University, but at the University of California took up the cudgels, saying that "the woman pays for the date in listening to the boring line she receives from the campus he-men." Others voiced the sentiments that the Redlands men were just a "bunch of farmers" and such a financial basis would destroy any man's pride in himself, a cost which would greatly outweigh any temporary financial gain.



# HOBNAILS

## DISILLUSION

*I see a flower, as fragile, yet  
As sturdy as a prayer;  
I see it as a chaste barette  
(Ah, Cynic, yes, a bright barette!)  
To clasp my love's pale hair.*

*I taste the perfume of the flower—  
A fragrance born to grace  
The perfect garden's dimmest bower  
(Oh, Cynic, grudge me not this hour!)  
Or purest virgin's face.*

*The lithe, slim stem seems beckoning,  
With promise fraught—"You dare?"  
It taunts; I yield. Not reckoning  
(My foe, thy sneer's a wretched thing!)  
I pluck it—I to care?*

*Within my hand its beauty lies;  
I make my palm its bed;  
Beneath my touch that beauty dies—  
(The Cynic's laughter mocks my cries.)  
The bloom begins to spread.*

*I crush the petals to my face,  
Their taste to full enjoy—  
I flee, I curse that lovely place:  
("I told you all on earth is base!")  
Such sweetness, near, doth cloy!*

*To hills of brazen heights I flee,  
Where Life burns deep her flog—  
For there—but no!—it cannot be!  
("But yes, yes, yes, it is, you see!")  
I find the clouds are fog.*

—THE BLIND BEGGAR.

Here are a few of the suggestions that we received concerning the meaning of that Caf Prom sign:

The guy is a Junior who has just read "Flaming Youth" and has taken its passages on collegiate dance behavior seriously. He should have taken the passages more seriously.—1928.

He is a journalist who took to heart the Staff Member's attack in last week's Campus Opinion. The girl's father is the editor of the *Podunk Bugle*, printed monthly at Podunk, Nevada. The boy has invited the girl to the Prom so that he can go home with her afterwards and work for her father during the summer,—not that he gives a hoot for Podunk, Nevada, but that's the only opening for him. In September he will come back, a new man, and will show that he, too, has guts and insolence by sharing the heavy "Scholastic" burden of the A. B. men, engineers, lawyers, and commerce students. No longer will he hold the lantern of criticism while his journalistic grandmother chops liter-

ary wood, nor will he raise the roof if the axe doesn't fall true at every stroke. All hail this industrious man of letters! —ANOTHER JOURNALIST.

The fellow is a Junior who stood a good chance of becoming a Senior in June. His Prom sweetie asked about the new building going up across from Morrissey. Suddenly the hero realized that he wouldn't have to eat in the refectory if he were a Senior. Instantaneously he resolved to give up his credits and repeat his Junior year, taking his meals in the university dining-hall. This boy is strong for mystery and adventure.

—MORRISSEY HALL.

## WELL, ISN'T IT?

Cy, old topper, the late *Juggler* is full of good humor, but the best joke will be found in the advertising section. Says the Victoria Lunch:

"The Hotel LaSalle is opposite us."

—STUB.

## THE BOOB WAXES BITTER

If I were king, and could destroy my enemies in the manner once enjoyed by royal rulers, there is one type of individual, as Professor Kaczmarek would say, whose decapitation would provide me with exquisite pleasure. He is a type of individual, but hardly a man. Insincere, and lacking in genuine emotion himself, he roams about the campus seeking the ruin of such paltry emotions and sincerities as college-men may have. He is the latest improvement on *genus homo*; he will tell you so himself and refer you to innumerable modern books proving that he is all that is to be desired in manhood. He either laughs or sneers at everything; no—not quite everything. The statement must be qualified, for he neither laughs nor sneers at his own tremendous troubles. Others, of course, are to listen to these with a properly attentive ear and a sympathetic eye. His troubles alone, it seems, exist in this wide universe; those of others, if having existence at all, are dull and uninteresting.

There is a certain cunning in the creature. He dearly loves his little wise-crack, and he will slyly lead another's conversation to the point where such a crack can be used to best advantage. But I am sure that there is no malice in him, other than the malice of the irresponsible.

—THE BOOB.

Somebody is going to think that we are press-agenting for the Junior Prom, if we continue to refer to it so frequently. We aren't a press-agent, never were, and never will be, only we feel that someone ought to tell you that the class of '28 is throwing a big party on the night of the eleventh.

—CYRANO OF CHICAGO.



## LITERARY

*"A Kingdom by The Sea"**The Story of Two Men, a Girl, and a Cottage*

DAVID S. LEHMAN

I WAS thinking of nothing at all, and then I thought of someone, and laughed. I thought of Frank. I laughed because he is remarkable only in that he is constantly undergoing recuperation from some past strenuous event. And then I stopped thinking about Frank.

I was sitting in the lobby of one of the better hotels. Carefully contemplative of the crowds surging in from the doorways, out of the elevators, up to the ballroom, and down from the mezzanine, I saw many types; but all of them strange to me,—all of them apart and separated from me. Although I was sitting in this gallant throng, I was as a man alone, and no man is more alone than when he is in a crowd. And then I stopped philosophizing.

"Hullo, there, lad!" I looked around. Of all things—it was Frank.

"Hello, Frank."

He sat down, and we talked for a time. He said something about dinner, and I said something in the way of acceptance, and we went to dinner.

Frank looked pretty dead. He had a black suit—I hate black suits. He looked as though he had been through something that was a trial, I mean, it didn't look like an ordinary recuperation.

"I hope you haven't lost someone, Frank." I said.

"But I have."

"That's ghastly. Not . . . ?"

"Yes."

If Frank had never done anything else, and I never heard of him doing it, he had married a really splendid girl.

"Tell me, old boy, tell me." I said this, for what else could one say? And of course

I put my hand on his; but he shook it off.

"You remember Helen?"

I told him that he should take it for granted that I knew Helen, seeing that I had been in love with her, and seeing that she had turned me down. Naturally I remembered her.

"She was poetic." Frank said gloomily. "I won her by poetry. Damn fine stuff—not mine, you understand? Old masters and things like that. There were two phrases that set me up. One was: 'a kingdom by the sea.' The other: 'I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls.'"

I, in role of sympathetic auditor, had to listen to this rot.

"During the engagement I bought a cottage by the sea . . . ."

"Where?" Merely to seem interested.

"At Newport News."

"'A kingdom by the sea' at Newport News?" I looked queerly at Frank.

"Why not?" He looked wistful. "She liked it. And then, you know, I married her."

Frank sometimes is unbearable. Why he had to tell me that when I was an usher is beyond me.

"Where was I?" asked Frank.

"As far as the 'kingdom by the sea.' What about the marble halls?"

"Oh, we were going to let that slide until I made the wherewithal on the *Times-Graphic*."

"Were you on the *Times-Graphic*?"

"Still am—more's the pity."

"I'm on the *Tribune-Examiner*."

"God!"

We were both newspaper men. We still are.

"And so . . . ?" I was scenting a possible story.

"Well, after the marriage I had to give up the cottage. We had a peach of a room up on 73rd West; but the *Times-Graphic* . . ."

"I know." Newspapers do not appreciate, nor do they pay, budding genius.

"Rooms on 73rd West have no marble halls. The kingdom by the sea had to be sold. The good kid stuck it out as long as anyone could, and then she threw it, and me, over."

"Too bad." I couldn't be so sympathetic. She wasn't dead, and after all it *was* his fault.

"Helen said," and he was reminiscing, "she said that the only thing she saw of the sea was the fog, and the only marble halls noticeable were Child's and the Subway Station. It was though going on both of us. She left me. Where am I?"

"At the Waldorf." I said. "Where's she?"

"With her mother."

Frank left, because he had an embryonic scoop. I stayed, thinking of Helen.

"How much?" I asked, for I was buying something.

"Four thousand," said he, for he was selling, and I got the cottage.

We were at theatre. The hit of the season was on this board. It had to do with night clubs, bootleggers, hijackers, and all of that sort of thing that goes toward moral uplift. I can't remember much of the play—you see, I was with Helen.

Then we went to a night club, and I told Helen about this cottage up on Long Island.

"Won't it be *cute*?" Helen puts something in that abominable word that makes me want to put my arm around her. I did. She shook it off.

"But, Jack, what about your work?"

"Bother the work!" Our family—always improvident.

"Oh, my dear, you musn't say that." She looked at me. When Helen looks that way at me—why, I do so want to put my arms

around her. I tried to; but she wouldn't let me. These confounded conventions.

"Well," I compromised (the age-old compromise) "we'll get along somehow, all right, all right."

We left the night club, and I was going to get a taxi; but Helen thought we ought to start saving. We took the "L". There was a blind man sitting across from us—we gave him more than the taxi would have cost. I didn't mind much, because Helen said:

"Think of the poor people that aren't as happy as we are, Jack."

Do you blame me for wanting to put my arms around her? She's *so* perfect.

We went in her mother's apartment, and sat around awhile. Her mother was still up—she went to theatre, too. I like Helen's mother awfully well. She sort of beams. We sat around for an hour or so talking about different people. We didn't like most of them. Then I had to go. At the door, Helen stopped me a bit, and asked:

"What do you think about Frank?"

"He'll do well enough." I said, and then we stood there for a moment talking. Then I had to go.

I was, as usual, correct about Frank. He does do well for himself. If he never did anything else, he married well. He's living up in Park Avenue now, and he's got what amounts to a manor house on the Hudson. I saw him the other day down at the Plaza.

"What are you doing?" he asked. "How are you doing it, and with whom?"

"The same old thing," I answered, "in the same old way,—and alone."

"I thought you were hectically rushing Helen."

"I was under that impression myself."

"You mean you flunked?"

"I busted cold. Used the poetic line, and followed through like a million, and was going strong concrete. And then it came."

"What?"

"The deluge. I fear the Greeks enough when they come bearing me food in filthy restaurants; but I fear them most of all

when they come bearing gifts to lovely ladies."

"A butter and egg man broke it up?"

"A table and chair man from Grand Rapids; but what's the difference?"

"None—it's too bad, old lad." He put his hand on mine. I shook it off.

Frank had to meet Polla. Polla is really a splendid girl. She is his new wife.

"How much?" He asked, for he was buying something.

"Four thousand," said I, for I was selling, and he got the cottage.

## Old Age

*A Discussion of Our Inevitable Fate*

ROBERT CAPESIUS

MODERN old people, like modern customs, have completely altered. The majority of the aged human beings wish to remain young, and they devote time and the energy of their bodies towards that end. Far be it from a man well up in years, to wail over his lost youth, as Longfellow did in his beautiful lyric—"My Lost Youth." The modern Mathusaleh gives little thought to the seriousness of old age, but without premeditation joins the ranks of the young and tries to recall into reality some of the joys which had escaped his life unnoticed. Less frequently do we hear of the phrase: "The Good Old Times."

Old people, especially men, give their philosophy of life to posterity. There is the old-fashioned type, who sit all day in a house and tell tales to their grand-children. They are as insistent as the nervous man who has been at the dentist's, or as the middle-aged woman who has returned from a successful operation for acute appendicitis. The ultra-modern and the modern type of old people differ as much as do the people on both sides of the Alps. The modern type do not find the same consolation in old age as do those who submit to the inevitable. They may wish to imitate youth by living as youth does, but they can never bridge over the abyss that years have formed and they can not ward off the petrifying influence of time.

Women and men in age are not as closely related as are boys and girls in youth. Women have filled the most vacant places in men's lives and have given unselfishly all

they had. The grandmother is expected to live through her life's evening in contentment and seclusion. Much respect is due her. It may seem selfish of her to object occasionally on dark, rainy nights, to a speech on "The Part Women Played in History" by Mrs. J. M. O'Brien over station WXX.

The respect shown to elders differs in the nationalities and races. It was indeed not filial affection that caused the three sons of an aged Chinaman to convince their sire that it was time for him to depart. The old man allowed them to arrange the customary funeral feast of roast pork in which he participated heartily. Then he submitted to being buried alive, amidst the heart-breaking weeping of his dearest relatives. If he would have waited for death to overtake him suddenly, he would have been missed at the wonderful meal. We should not judge the old Pagan, because it was his own funeral. People of the Far North are known to expose their aged family members to a death of cold and starvation. The American Indians let their elders raise their voices at the council-fires and the young preferred to listen to wisdom. Old people in civilized nations hold the respect of the young ever since the hermits came out of the deserts, and Socrates, in his old age, studied philosophy and administered his wisdom to the young. It is a decree of the Almighty to honor the aged. God bade two bears come out of the woods to tear up the boys who were mocking the old prophet Eliseus.

Women, more so than men, resent being

classed with the old. Science and artificial methods are employed to preserve the bloom of youth, but like the bloom of hand-made flowers, it is lifeless. Many men, like their sisters, undergo painful facial upliftings. A man should not be blamed for the natural marks of time, nor for natural defects. He is not responsible for the loss of his hair or of his teeth, not any more than trees are for losing their leaves during the winter. Nothing is more unnatural than the appearance of a man of pre-civil-war-days, in the apparel of a college boy. The transparent substance of large eyeglasses, rimmed with the horn of tortoise, will not hide the tired look in old eyes. An attempted straight posture and a youthful walk will not screen the deleterious marks of Father Time.

Coming down to the seriousness of old age, we must consider this last period in human life, in a sense different from the comical. The select few who attain old age should be thankful for the privilege of being able to watch the unconcerned world of the young. Their existence should be a state of inactivity. The custom of playing the Roman fool has departed with the fall of the Roman empire. Old age is not any more a bitter cup which a few must drain. It is the reward of correct living.

The secret of old age, if there is a secret, is inexplicable. My own grandfather, at the age of eighty-three, firmly stated that he never smoked in his life and that he seldom partook of alcoholic beverages. His brother, my granduncle at a still higher age, clung to his pipe and did not refuse a modest glass of wine. If all old men were questioned as to the secret of their age, no two answers would be alike. This one would attribute the secret of his age to a daily long sleep, another would state that he always abstained from narcotics, still another would say that he took long walks. As we find young people of different customs of living, we find the same differences among the old.

The greatest joy of an old man, whether he admits it or not, is to think back over a lost youth. For one or the other it is not a joy, but a pain, because the dreams of his childhood did not materialize. Still, the memory of his youth is the most secret of his thoughts. He is clairvoyant of the images of his childhood. He thinks of it and of the verse of a Lapland song:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

## *To Eleanor Marie*

*As you sit by the side of the dusty road,  
Of pluméd knights you are dreaming,  
You prim yourself at the sound of hoofs,  
To catch a knight with your scheming.  
But should he chance to pass you by,  
You smile and never care,  
For you feel sure another comes,  
More gallant, brave and fair.*

*But in this life the years roll on,  
The knights; they still pass by,  
Your smiles, they turn to souring grins,  
Your songs into a sigh.  
So dear, think not that passing knights,  
Mean nothing much to you,  
But rather take what you can get,  
For knights who stop are few.*

—THE PLUMELESS KNIGHT.

## *Shanties in the Back Yard*

*A Reminiscence of One Stage of Childhood*

GEORGE LEPPIG

SIMULTANEOUS with the appearance of the celery on the dining table, the juvenile male population of any neighborhood starts a campaign of collecting the furniture that has found its way to the junk piles during the summer. Any lumber that summer building programs have left behind is also diligently gathered and stored away. The gossips of the neighborhood are for once at a loss to know the meaning of all the activity on the part of the boys, but within a few days certain nondescript growths begin to show themselves in various back-yards of the community and the secret is out. The shanty season has arrived, but only a smoking stove pipe on the roof assures one that the recent growth is intended as a habitation.

A shanty is invariably referred to by its builders as a "club-house" and serves every purpose from a building place to a private store-room. What has been a "gang" during the summer is now a "club" and the membership rules are just as strict as those of the "gang." Any child bearing the name of Percival or Claude finds membership almost an unattainable goal.

The "club house" serves in the capacity of day time living quarters for the majority of the "members," and must be furnished with comfort as the first consideration. The stove is the first thought of every member and one is usually found either on a junk pile or in the cellar of one of the more prosperous "members." After the stove is installed, the furnishing of the "club-house" continues with the chairs, tables, lanterns and other articles of value that have rewarded the searchers in the junk-piles.

I remember that our shanty in the back yard was always a protection against two prevalent evils. It was a refuge from our mothers and a shelter when the followers of an opposing shanty descended in full force. We always provided our shanties with a hidden exit as a precaution against an invasion on the part of the mothers, and reserved an excellent supply of stones to be used in case the look-out announced an attack by the enemy.

I derived the greatest pleasure out of our shanty when it was used as a retreat in which to prepare and eat food. Potatoes and bacon were easily purloined from the stocks in the pantries of the various members, and when cooked on the old rusty stove in the shanty tasted a thousand times better than the food prepared at home.

Since the World War, the dug-out idea has penetrated the young imaginative American mind, and the "under-ground club-houses" have become very popular. The tree-dwellers of long ago seem to be reanimated in some young boys, because many "shanties" are built in trees to afford greater protection from "the enemy." The "shanty" can be any one of a dozen forms, but it always is a protection from the two prevalent evils of boyhood—maternal interference in one's pursuits and opposition by one's rivals, in those pursuits.

No matter how modern the world may make itself, there will always be a period in the life of the American boy when he will re-live the lives of his forefathers in the back-yard "shack."



## *Pippa's Song at Morning*

*An Analysis of Browning's Masterpiece*

CHRISTOPHER O'TOOLE

A SPICY morning in a village in northern Italy; the air bracing; the sun's rays slanting over the steep hills; the birds chirping shrill melodies; all nature beautiful. That is the setting. A comely Italian maid of the middle class, the chorister. Pippa walks up the street of the little town, beholds the beauties of nature jutting out and springing up all around her, sees the awful blue heavens gleaming with the newborn sun, hears the joyous birds, and their throated praises to their Maker, and in a transport of joy, forgetting her mean condition, her monotonous life, herself even, she sings forth:

"The year's at the spring  
And spring's at the morn;  
The morning's at seven;  
The hillside's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world!"

We have all felt this gladness, but we have not been so happy, perhaps, in our expression of it as was Pippa. Browning put the soul of Pippa in those few lines. Each line could serve as a theme for a separate poem. It is the overflowing of emotion, too powerful and intense to be restrained. Expanded, the poem would entail the development of many lines of thought.

A characteristic of this poem which has grown upon me since I first chanced to read it, is its unalloyed optimism. If there ever was or ever will be a lyric expressive of contentment in life, it is, by all means, this song of the little Italian maid of Also. Surely she must have been quite radiant, as she tripped sprightly along, drinking in enchanting nature, together with God's free and wholesome air. Endowed, meagerly as she was, with riches, Pippa had been gifted with a keen imagination, and to all appearances, an ardent love for nature. These supplied what she lacked of material comforts, in a

degree very difficult to calculate, for what is money compared to a lucid mind, and what is ease contrasted with a sharp sense of the beautiful in life. May not pauper be richer than kings, and servants above masters in this respect?

But the optimism. There is much, very much said about pessimism and optimism, pessimists and optimists. Sometimes the man who is idealizing an optimist, is himself his antithesis. It seems to me that the more we appreciate nature, the less we will have to fear from pessimism. Most men who are lovers of, and searchers into nature, are optimistic. There are exceptions of course. I remember hearing some one say on one occasion that nature is our efficacious tonic for the mind. Oppression of mind, cares and anxieties, can be relieved by nature. The old saying that a grouch is worked out of the system by a lively walk in nature's kingdom, is true and practical. The chronic pessimist, as well as the man of the "reform-everything mind," would do well to commit the few lines quoted above to memory.

The culmination of Pippa's cheerfulness, and we might even say, happy resignation, is reached in the last two lines of the song:

"God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world."

It is really dramatic. Pippa's mind is set to work by the many pleasant objects she sees in sunny nature. Her heart beats faster as she looks from her hillside town upon the sloping hills adorned with nature's glistening coat of dew. Everything is buoyant, the birds even seem to have souls and to realize the harmony, the peace of the scene, to judge from their melodious utterances. These emotions have poured into Pippa's soul, but there is a single void left. She looks up at the immeasurable skies and fills to the full her "cup of gladness," by her recognition of a Supreme Being:

"God's in His heaven,"

and then follows the sensible and elevated conclusion:

"All's right with the world."

Gems are rare in poetry as they are in stories. Surely this song of Pippa is one of high price and lasting brilliance. Just as in music a peculiar chord or strain is found which penetrates farthest into our hearts, so in poetry, we are charmed, enraptured even by some line or few lines of exquisitely and intensely expressed feeling. And as the flour that is sifted most finely makes the lightest and most palatable bread, so the poetry that has fallen through the most delicate sifting of our mind, is most effective and enjoyable.

Yet how simple the poem. This recalls the proverbial but fresh saying that "the greatest truths are the simplest." This aphorism has a wide application, and poetry seems to me to fall under it. Even if the language woven around the theme is involved, the thought itself is a simple one, as earnest study will discover. What truth could be greater in the physical world than the harmony which exists between nature and Her Maker; yet can we imagine this thought

more forcibly or more chastely expressed, in other words longer and more high-sounding, than the short, enthusiastic language of Pippa?

Browning's play entitled "Pippa Passes," is the source of those eight crisp lines of poetry; it is Pippa's song at morning. She has gone to take a holiday, and she takes it with nature. The two make a happy pair, for they are both so blithe and gay. How full of wholesome, mind-filling thoughts must she have been, when she returned that evening to her poor little room—her home. And what a day. Mind and body alike refreshed, the soul renewed. Pippa happy and contented with her lot in life. That those effects have been produced in her, that nature has brought her close to her Creator, that she has taken from Her an all important lesson, is verified by the humble sentiment with which she closes her tired eyes, tired not with the ugly phases of life, but tired from seeing only the good in life:

"With God, whose puppets, best  
and worse, are we."

## Notre Dame Du Lac

MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET

*The sunlight sparkled on the mystic mere,  
And changed to gold its silver shining spray;  
And in its foam, the Lady of the Lake  
With sword in hand, arose one ancient day.*

*To Arthur, wrapped in dreams of knightliness,  
She gave Excalibur with blade of flame  
To smite the wicked and protect the weak,  
And add a shining luster to his name.*

\* \* \*

*Above the golden glimmer of the Dome  
Our Lady of the Lake serenely stands,  
To guard the knights that throng her fair green swards  
And bless each one with tender outstretched hands.*

*To each she gives the shining sword of Faith  
To conquer evil and defend the right;  
With sword in hand, and cheered by Mary's smile,  
The sons of NOTRE DAME go forth to fight.*

(Reprinted from the Magnificat.)

## Girls

*In Which the Unfair Sex is Put In Its Place*

DAN MCCAIN

AUTHOR'S NOTE—The purpose of this essay was not attained. It is an attempt to characterize girls. The author failed. He is a mere man.

WOMAN was made from man's rib. But where the relationship of the modern girl to man begins is just another Biblical mystery.

Girls are snobby, affected and arrogant as well as mysteriously complex. The girl with the fur coat lords it over her companions. The punctilious behavior of young ladies is ridiculous. What psychologist ever explained why girls swing their little finger like a cow's tail when they sip tea? How sweetly they can insult their neighbor by remarking, "You always look nice in that lovely pink dress."

Poor deluded and inexperienced fellows, men under the age of one hundred, will continue to trust girls against the shrieking of the voice of their better judgment. In this respect the great men of history, Samson, Mark Anthony, and Charlie Chaplin, were simpletons. John Boyle O'Reilly aptly expressed his thought when he wrote the following lines:

"A man will trust another man, and show  
His secret thought and act, as if he must.  
A woman—Does she tell her sins? Ah! No!  
She never knew a woman she could trust."

Deceitful! Was there ever a girl who did not deceive? Were it not for this deception marriage would be an ancient institution. Man is a beast. Of course he is, for he has not yet mastered the art of deception.

The intelligence of the modern girl is low. The lack of a feminine Raphael, Newton, or Dante, makes this statement irrefutable. Their love of trinkets, and their slavery to details more clearly elucidates this point. As engineers they have not yet reached the stage where they can successfully drain the kitchen sink. While their intelligence is low nature has nevertheless endowed them with the nimble cleverness of the fox. All through the ages they had to resort to craftiness to get what they wanted as man was their master. The result is that today most girls can with very little effort induce an inordinate miser to willingly spend his last farthing and make him feel good in the process.

In conclusion, then, it would be well for all men to bear in mind the philosophy of that excellent judge of human nature, O'Reilly, who expressed it in the following words:

"What bait do you use?" Said a saint to the devil,  
"When you fish where the souls of men abound?"  
"Well for special tastes," said the king of evil,  
"Gold and fame are the best I've found."  
"But for common use?" asked the saint. "Ah! then"  
Said the demon, "I angle for man, not men,  
And a thing I hate  
Is to change my bait,  
So I fish with a woman the whole year 'round!"





## *The Fad of Antique Hunting*

*The Essayist Hammers a Modern Hobby*

HAROLD S. HUTCHISON

I WONDER if I am all alone in admiring things that are new and shiny? Isn't there any one that will help me to preserve the gloss and the dazzling finish on things so that people cannot claim them to be several hundred years old?

After studying, for several years, some of the modern inventions and their advantages, I do not agree with the folks and friends at home when they try to convince me that a thing of merit must have been made at least before the discovery of America. Within the last few years I have had several experiences that verified the statements of authors I have studied and weakened the arguments of the antique hunter.

At one time after listening to a conversation on the many wonderful antiques that my host had in the house, I was shown to a bed in which Washington was supposed to have slept. It was a stately old piece of furniture and seemed to add that feeling of stiffness to the room (and to you, after you have slept in it for one night) that is always found in descriptions of the large bedrooms of medieval times. However, the idea that Washington had slept in it did not give me the necessary night's rest, for I awoke the next morning appreciating the invention of modern bed springs and mattresses.

At the breakfast table that morning I found more evidence of the antique hunter as the weakness of the delicate, spindle-legged, little breakfast chair caused me to sit in a half-standing position. Most of the people of to-day try to make their new things

look old while the people of yesterday tried to make their old things look new. The old distilleries used to age whiskey by letting it stand while the present furniture dealers find that they can age furniture by throwing it about so that, in a very short time, they can make it look a hundred years old.

One afternoon I was explaining to a lady all of the excellent points in a dog of mine. Just as I thought that I had almost convinced my friend that he was a wonderful dog, she picked up the corner of the tattered, old home-made blanket that he was lying on and said, "I never saw such a wonderful old blanket, it must be at least fifty years old. I would give anything to have it for a bed cover for an old, old bed of mine." I gave it to her and said no more about my dog. He was only a pup.

Again recalling the customs of a few years ago, I remember when I was a small child the sting of the rod was the reaction that I received for putting a scratch on the furniture; now a scratch only adds to the value of the chairs and tables. I used to envy the boys as they drove by me in their new cars all shined and polished. To-day, to be collegiate, your car must be a Ford and not less than four years old; must not have a top or hood, and the fenders should rattle with every throb of the engine.

It is not hard to see now why excavators of ancient cities are receiving far more mention in the papers than inventors who are discovering something new.



## SPORT NEWS

***Michigan State Falls Before Irish Attack***

Coach Keogan's crew of Irish basketeers added one more victim to their ever-mounting list last Saturday night in their own gymnasium, when they rather handily took into camp the highly-touted Michigan State outfit, by a 36—15 score. The Wolverines were expected to give Notre Dame quite a stiff engagement, but as things turned out Captain Nyikos' men overcame what little resistance there was at first, and coasted along in fine style to achieve their 29th triumph, out of 31 starts in two years.

Every man on Coach Keogan's squad of net-snipers saw action at one time or other during the contest. The regular lineup of McNally, Jachym, Nyikos, Dahman, and Conroy, started the fray but soon gave way to the reserves as the Irish total mounted. Led by the best pair of guards in the Middle West, the eagle-eyed Louie Conroy, and the shifty Bucky Dahman, the gold and blue cagers put up a defense which was one of the best that they have shown all year. An idea as to how impregnable it was may be gleaned from the fact that the visitors were held to a quartet of field-goals throughout the whole forty minutes of play. A trio of these two-pointers, with which the visitors opened their short-lived attack, came at the very outset of the hostilities, and threw a sudden scare into the ranks of the Keoganites. However, the Irish soon righted matters, and from that point on it was only a question as to how big the final score would be in favor of the hosts.

The Notre Dame defense also functioned smoothly as attested by the fact that 14 baskets were rung up by the victors during the contest.

The hostilities were inaugurated in sensational fashion with both teams sharing in the ensuing excitement. Conroy duplicated

his Wabash stunt and opened up the evening's scoring with a beautiful two-pointer from near mid-floor which was followed soon after by a charity toss by McNally from the free strip, and the fans settled back to see the gold and blue start upon another scoring rampage. The visiting aggregation had something to say about this however, and before the startled Celts could awaken out of their over-confidence "Ike" Kelley of the Aggies had matched Conroy's fielder with one of like proportions, and had added insult to injury, by dribbling under the basket for a second two-pointer which sent his team into a one-point lead. Before the home quintet could banish the feeling of lethargy occasioned by these scores, Felt, the visiting center, looped in still another two-pointer from side court to make the count read 6—3, with the Irish holding the short end of the bag. Things looked sort of dark for the Keoganite cause for the next five minutes or so as the invaders put up a snappy brand of basketball, and while held scoreless by their now awakened hosts, kept the Irish from counting also. Near the middle of the period, however, the gold and blue regained their scoring eyes and came back with a vengeance. Johny Nyikos started the ball rolling, or rather sailing towards more points for the home team, when he threw a pretty basket from side-court, followed soon after by a pair of two-pointers from Dahman, and loopers from the hands of Jachym and Conroy again. These belated scores sent Notre Dame way out in front, and their defense tightened so perceptibly thereafter, that the Green and White were only able to cash in on one free foul shot before the gun ending the half sounded. The score at the intermission read 21—7 with the Irish on the long end this time.

The ever-cautious Keogan left the veteran Conroy in as a sort of defensive bulwark at the start of the second half, and surrounded him with a supporting cast composed entirely of reserves. However, the new combination played consistently and battled the Lansing combination to a standstill throughout the entire period.

An even half-dozen of two-pointers were registered during this final session by the blue and gold, while at the same time they were holding the visiting team to a single goal from the field, with several free strip shots thrown in for good measure.

Frank Crowe, the elusive Notre Dame forward, proved especially adept at throwing field-goals from all parts of the floor during this last period, and his quartet of two-pointers gave him the high scoring honors of the game.

The work of the veteran guards, Conroy and Dahman, stood out very prominently on the Irish side of the melee, while Kelley and Felt of the invaders were the satellites for their combination. The Aggies tried hard but their best efforts were in vain against the aggregation which is recognized by critics and experts as a quintet almost without peer in Western collegiate basketball circles.

Lineup and summary follows:

Notre Dame	G	F	P	Mich. State	G	F	P
McNally, f	0	1	0	Eldred, f	0	2	1
Gebbert, f	0	0	0	Hood, f	0	0	0
Crowe, f	4	1	1	Smith, f	0	0	0
Jachym, f	1	2	1	Dickeson, f	1	2	3
Newbold, f	0	2	1	Felt, c	1	3	0
Nyikos, c	1	0	1	Knick'er, g	0	0	1
Hamilton, c	0	1	0	Kelley, g	2	0	3
Coleric, c	0	0	1	Drew, g	0	0	0
Voglewede, c	0	0	2				
Dahman, g	4	0	0				
Hughes, g	1	0	0				
Conroy, g	3	1	3				
Totals	14	8	10	Total	4	7	8

Referee—Schommer, Chicago. Umpire—Lowman, Wisconsin.

Free throws attempted—Notre Dame, 14; Michigan State, 12.

—JOHN V. HINKEL.

## FORMER CAPTAIN NAMED ON ALL-AMERICA TEAM

A tribute was paid to Notre Dame athletics last week with the announcement that Paul Harrington, captain of the 1926 track squad, had been named on the All-America track team selected by Frederick Rubien, secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union.

Harrington was named as the pole vaulter in the 1926 honorary squad in preference to a half dozen of his leading rivals, both collegiate and amateur stars. He is now affiliated with the Boston Athletic Association.

Jimmie Stack, star quarter-miler of the 1926 team, made his first outside appearance at the Illinois Athletic Club games when he ran with the victorious Illinois A. C. mile relay team. Mike Hammel, another of last year's outstanding performers, was entered in the pole vault under the colors of the Chicago Athletic Association.

## HOCKEY SIX OFF FOR NORTHERN ENGAGEMENTS

Members of the hockey team left Thursday on a week's trip which will bring them against two worthy foes, Michigan School of Mines and University of Minnesota, each of which teams will play the Irish twice.

Later in the month the team will take a shorter northern trip, meeting Marquette and Wisconsin sextets at Milwaukee and Madison.

## RELAY SQUAD COMPETES IN EASTERN MEETS

Four crack quarter milers, with Soach Knute Rockne, left Monday night for New York where they were scheduled to run in the collegiate mile relay feature of the Milrose Athletic Club's annual indoor meet.

Chet McDonald, Ed McGauley, Joe Abbott and Charley McKinney composed the quartet which will represent Notre Dame. Although no definite announcement was made, it was understood that the same four might run in the K. of C. games in Boston, Saturday night.

BASKETBALL  
TRACK

## AMONG INTERHALL ATHLETES

SWIMMING  
HOCKEY

## WALSH 12, BROWNSON 7

Brilliant defense marked the play of Brownson and Walsh in the second round of interhall basketball play Sunday. A barrage of long shots moved the score toward the Walsh side late in the game after passing attacks had been broken repeatedly. Only one field goal was made by each team during the entire first half.

## SOPHOMORE 23, MORRISSEY 14

The Wise Fool five continued to show a brilliant array of basketball cunning when it took the floor against the Morrissey quintet, which had opened the season so auspiciously. Balanced teamwork and accurate shooting on the part of the dozen athletes who played for Sophomore, kept the Morrissey team subdued throughout. Murphy, Morrissey center, sunk three field goals for individual honors.

## LYONS 7, CORBY 20

The lads from the rugged west had little in common with the Corby five for they were far in the rear at all times. Corby, aided by the brilliant work of Andrews, pivot man, jumped off to an early lead, held a 10 to 3 margin at the half and doubled its count at the final whistle. Andrews registered four field goals and as many foul tosses for a total of 12 points.

## FRESHMAN 13, HOWARD 6

After a disastrous beginning, the Freshman crew buckled down to work in Sunday's game and won from Howard, 13 to 6, in a hard played contest. Fitzgerald and Vlk were high point men for the gallants of the cardboard palace, each making a pair of field goals.

## DAY DOGS 17, CARROLL 20

As dessert always comes at the end of the meal, the best basketball always comes at the end of the day for as brilliant a contest as has ever been played in interhall circles was waged by Father Farley's Day Dogs and Carroll. Each team boasted a smooth-working offense which worked the ball under the bucket rather than depend on mid-floor

tosses. Carroll took an early lead on Cassidy's field goal and Heisenkamp's foul toss. At half-time the Purple had pulled away, 13 to 8, and though a belated rally on the Day Dogs' part reduced the gap to three points, the tented alley athletes pulled up on the long end of 20 to 17.

First indications as to the trend of interhall track were seen Friday when Varsity and Freshman runners engaged in the first duel of their annual series. Freshmen athletes were unable to maintain the pace in a majority of events, but many promising trackmen competed under freshman colors. Another varsity-freshman meet is scheduled for Saturday afternoon at 2:30 p. m.

## AMES DEFEATS IRISH

## TWO MILE SQUAD

Track activity was more in evidence over the last week end, for Notre Dame scantyclads took part in two meets. While Coach Knute Rockne and his two mile relay team were at the Illinois Athletic Club handicap meet, Friday, the remainder of the squad combatted the freshman in the first of the annual indoor handicap series.

Youth and inexperience bowed to age and dexterity in the Illinois meet, for the untried Notre Dame four lost to Ames (Iowa) by a comfortable margin. Last year the two teams battled in the same meet, and the crack Irish team led the Iowans to the tape in record-breaking time.

Bettered by a year of competition, the Ames team went after the J. Will Johnson trophy in a determined mood and annexed the race in happy fashion. Young, Abbott, McKinney and Quigley, Notre Dame runners, gave the Ames crew a hard battle for the first mile but on the fourth leg, Corger, Iowa veteran and one of the best middle distance runners in the country, increased the gap to a quarter of a lap.

Meanwhile Assistant Coach Johnny Wendland was engineering the first varsity-freshman handicap meet. More than a hundred

athletes took part in the ten events scheduled. Liberal handicap allowances enabled freshmen to break into the summary quite frequently although their strength in the track events was lacking.

Elder cracked the tape in :06 2-5 after distancing the field down the 60 yard course with a four yard lead. The Brown two-mile rivalry was further complicated when Bill led John to the tape by ten yards. Phelan's winning of the mile and Bov's leaping in the pole vault were other features of the meet.

Manager Paul Barritz and his corps of assistants will sponsor another freshman-varsity meet Saturday. Thanks to Manager Barritz' efficiency, the track was lightning fast for last week's meet and all events were run off quickly and orderly.

#### NOTRE DAME PADDLERS

SUNK BY GOPHERS, 40—29

Minnesota swimmers, rated as the best in the Big Ten, encountered an unrelenting foe in the Notre Dame water squad last Saturday afternoon at Engman Natorium, fought shoulder to shoulder with their Irish adversaries through eight brilliant events, and finally sailed off with a 40 to 29 victory.

Mr. Warren Brown of the *Chicago Herald*, who wrote so epochally of the *wrong* light which "Doc" Spears, Minnesota football mentor hung in the belfry one Saturday last October, should have seen the Gophers and the Irish clash on the blue last week.

Someone connected with the Minnesota squad hung the *right* lantern in the light-house Saturday, for the Gopher natators set out in tarbelly style and didn't let waves or Irish bother them in their strokes toward friendly land.

Records tumbled twice in the keenly contested meet and the competition in every event was so close that the capacity crowd thrilled to the show.

Hughie McCaffrey, king of the Irish paddlers, began the mark shattering when he rowed the quarter mile free style in 5 minutes 29 2-5 seconds to break the Notre Dame varsity and Engman tank record.

Jim Hill, dash satellite of the Minnesota squad, followed McCaffrey's suit for he

pared the hundred yard backstroke time to 1:06 2-5 after leading his competitors around the pool by a safe margin.

Inability to place in the relays cost the Irish the meet for they bowed to the Minnesota paddlers in both the 160 yard relay and the 300 yard medley relay.

Minnesota defeated Chicago handily on the night previous and looms as the best in the west. Irish swimmers were satisfied at their showing for they have reached a fine stage of development considering the earliness of the season.

#### INTERVIEW OLD GHOUL POSTS

We were over to see our old friend Ghoul Posts again the other night. He lives on the fringe of the far eastern end of the University campus.

At first we thought he was not at home. We could not see any light momentarily, but then we espied a glimmer coming from the back of the house.

We rang the doorbell.

The old foggy answered it on the hot foot. He peered out into the darkness, revealed by the open door.

"Oh, hello there!" he said, in a tone that bespoke recognition.

Ghoul Posts did not invite us into his house right away. After he had thoroughly scrutinized us, he turned again to peer out into the darkness.

Finally, he asked us: "Where did you leave your boat?"

"Boat? What boat?" we were puzzled.

"You don't mean to tell me," remarked the old foggy incredulously, "that you swam all the way over here?"

He let us into the house, then.

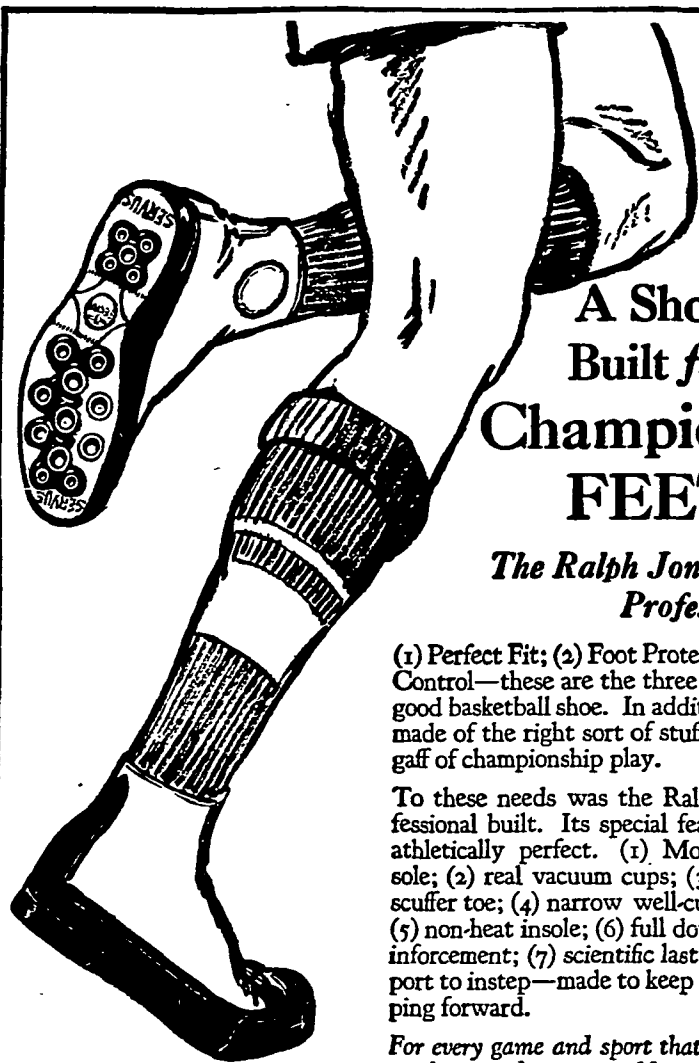
"Have a chair," he said.

Thereupon we sat down, and accepted the five-cent cigar which he proffered us.

"Do you know," he remarked after he had lighted his cigar, "that you remind me a great deal of Len Laco. Do you know Len?"

We promptly confessed we did not.

"Len Laco," continued the old foggy, "owns a face that is handsome and yet assumes the proportions of a veritable pumpkin. Upon



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SOUTH BEND

INDIANA

it there is delineated his racial antecedents, —the shamrock and the shillalah. Len's perennial smile stretches from ear to ear and from his forehead to the chasm of his chin. He possesses a great booming laugh which reverberates like the sound of thunder. His friends are a myriad number and his enemies are as numerous as lilies in the desert.

"Laco is one of those nimble-witted men who always has an alibi. He is never to blame when anything is wrong. The world is peopled with idiots and the most intense variety of idiot is invariably just where he happens to be.

"When he was a young man in college, he never flunked a class. Of course, don't misunderstand me, he received a mark below seventy several times during his college career in several classes, but he never really flunked; the prof neglected to count in some back work he handed in on the day of the exam or the prof's secretary added up his points incorrectly and he was too polite to say anything about it.

"Len Laco has never yet been late for work. Surely, he has come into the office way after the time he was due many times, but he never really was late. It was the automobile that broke down. It was the traffic cop that held him up for half an hour. And in the winter months, when it was unwise to drive an automobile if you owned it, it was the stupid motorman who was afraid to let the car move faster than a crawl for fear that it might get away from him.

"No, Len has never yet had an automobile accident. Yes, it is true that seven automobile insurance companies have listed him as a liability and have positively refused to do business with him any longer. But, he never really had an automobile accident. The day he drives, all the insane automobilists are permitted out. They smash his fender. They cut out in front of his car. They back into him. They chase him into telegraph poles. They don't watch out where they are going."

"Well, good night, sir."

"Good night, Mr. Ghoul Posts."

We are of the opinion that we took a beating that night. Are you? —L.R.M.

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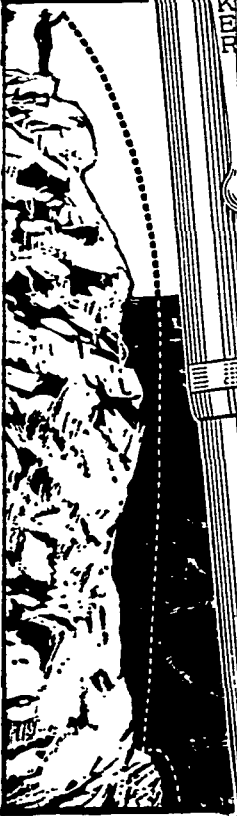
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Parker Duofold Pencils to  
match the Pens: Lady Duo-  
fold, \$3; Over-size Jr., \$3.50;  
"Big Brother" Over-size, \$4

**Parker**  
**Duofold**  
*Lucky Curve Feed and 25 Year Point*

*Pen found unharmd  
amid the sharp rocks* →



THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

## The Prom—

Do not Fail to Send  
"Her" a Corsage



**Williams**  
*The Florist*



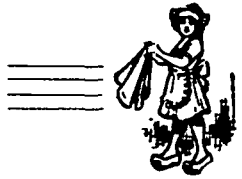
"Say it with Flowers  
of Quality"

319 WEST WASHINGTON  
Telephone Main 769

CARL D. LOVE, Mgr. H. CLIZBE KING

THE

**Little Dutch Cleaners**



"PROM TIME" --- "TUX TIME"

Let us Clean or Press  
Your Tux

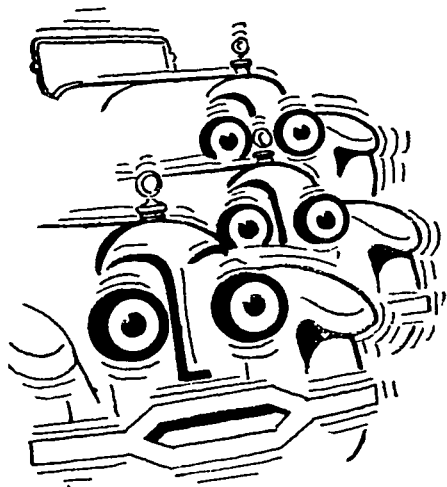
Suits Cleaned .....	\$ .50
Suits Cleaned and Pressed.....	1.50
Overcoats Pressed .....	.50
Overcoats Cleaned and Pressed	1.50

HOTEL LA SALLE  
Telephone 5 87

**:: Patronize Our Advertisers ::**

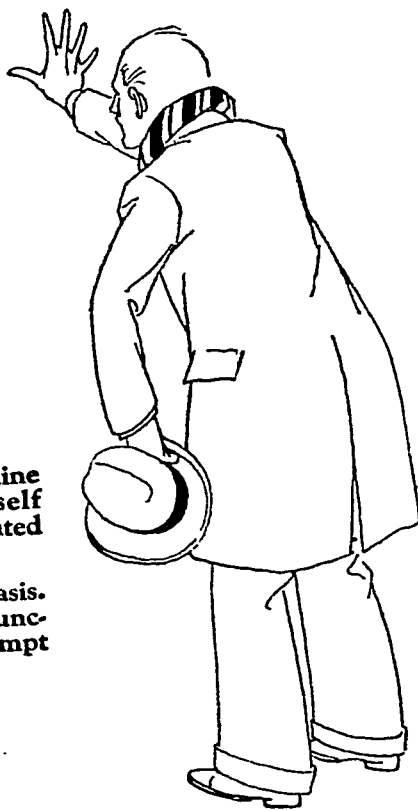


# ABOLISH autointoxication!



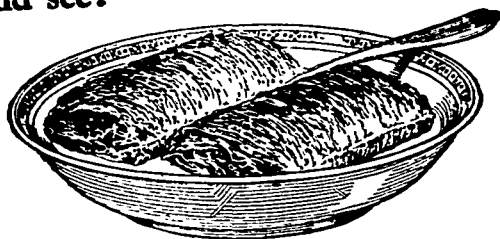
No use trying to rise and shine while you're keeping yourself half-dead from self-generated poisons.

Put your system on a paying basis. Keep your digestive organs functioning properly. Make an attempt to balance your daily diet.

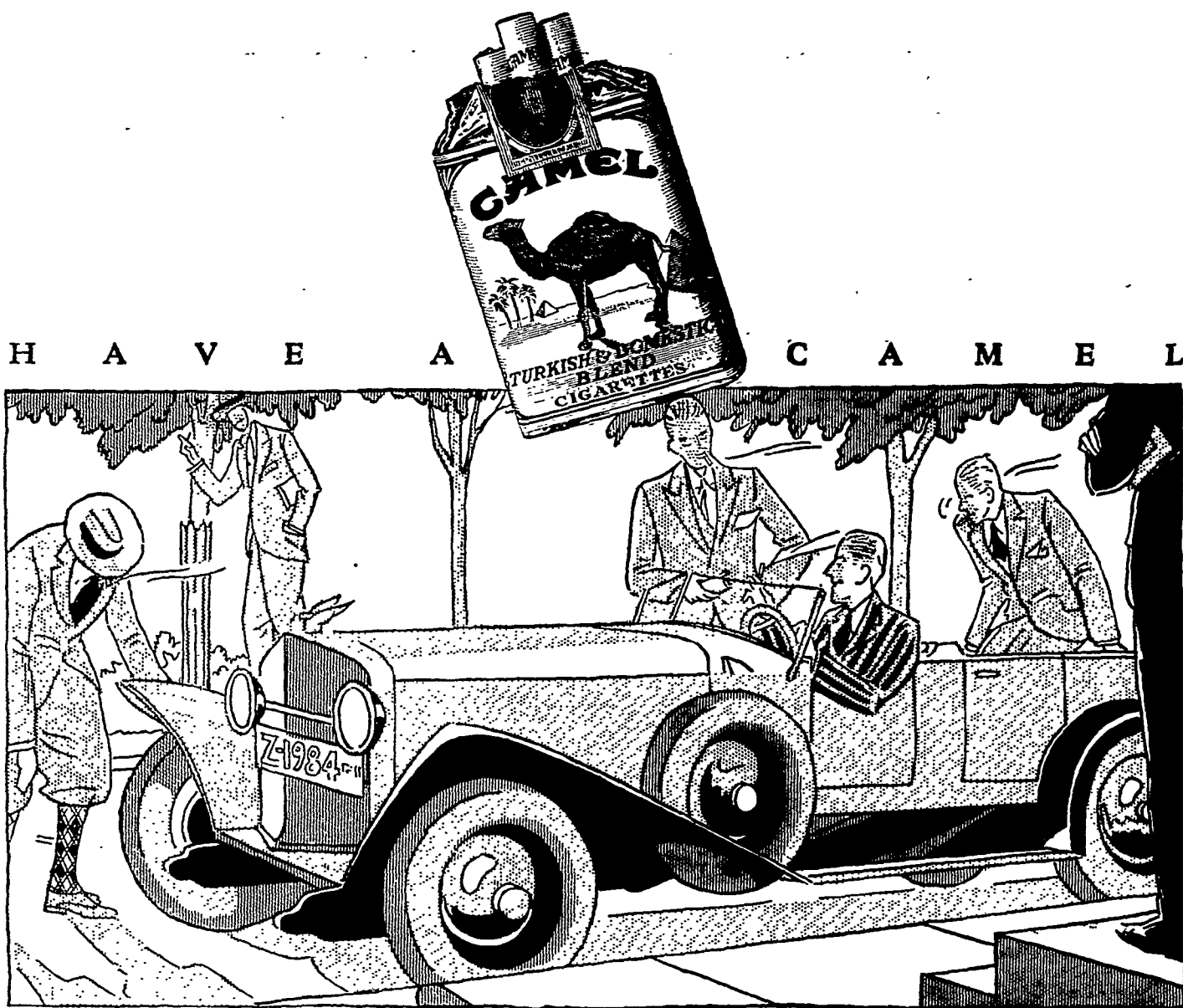


## *eat* **SHREDDED WHEAT**

BRAN, SALTS, VITAMINS, PROTEINS and CARBOHYDRATES are all contained in Shredded Wheat in appetizing and digestible form. Crisp, delicious shreds of vital body-building nutriment. Two daily biscuits of Shredded Wheat eaten regularly will make you fit and keep you fit. Begin now and see!



*Make it a daily habit*



[Inspecting and admiring the new car]

## “Speaking of fine tobaccos —Have a Camel!”

A NICETY of blending, a friendly cordiality of flavor, an inherent goodness that thrills from the first puff to the last — that's Camels. The warmth of golden sunlight on autumn fields gleams in their smoke. Camels are an expression of all that is the finest.

Camel quality and Camel excellence are recognized wherever smokers gather. The best of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are

blended in this famous cigarette. For this reason Camels have consistent goodness. For this reason they never tire the taste, no matter how liberally you smoke them; never leave a cigaretty *after-taste*.

And wherever experienced smokers gather, wherever the conversation turns to tobacco — to the world's best — someone is sure to say: “Speaking of fine tobaccos . . . *Have a Camel!*”

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.